



BOYS' AND



GIRLS' PAGE.

FOURTH OF JULY SHOWS MIKEY MONK BRIMMING OVER WITH PLUCK AND SPUNK

At last the glorious Fourth had come!
The Monkey Regiment with drum
And fire marched up Fifth Avenue
Before the Mayor to review.

Along the sidewalks was arrayed
A crowd to view the big parade,
And flags and bunting floated free
Above the valiant Company.

The Monkeys all looked very fine
As proudly they marched up the line,
And little Teddy beat his drum,
Dum, diddle-dum, diddle-dum, dum-dum.

How firmly Johnny held his flag!
And not a step was seen to lag,
But with a military tread
Each Monkey foot went straight ahead.

"Yankee doodle, doodle-do,"
And "Marching through Georgia," too,
And every other wartime song
They played as they all marched along.

Brownie, the Leader of the Band,
His baton waved high in his hand,
And everybody yelled "Hurrah!"
That Monkey Band knows how to play!"

Of course they did, they'd practised
Hard
"Most every day in George's yard,
And each one knew so well his part
Without his notes he played by heart.

And when each song was played com-
plete,
Then little Drummer Teddy beat,
Beat like everything his drum,
Dum, diddle-dum, diddle-dum, dum-
dum!



By David M. Cory

And every boy who looked at Ted
That night before he went to bed,
Beggared his Papa to get a drum
So he could "dum, diddle-dum, dum-
dum!"

They hadn't marched so very far
When, suddenly, they hear a jar.
A cannon crack, big and fat,
Had knocked off Captain Mikey's hat.

A boy behind a large tree trunk
Had thrown the thing at Mikey Monk.
It was a naughty thing to do,
And also very dangerous too.

I s'pose he thought that Mikey Monk
Would be so scared he'd lose his spunk.
But Mikey never winked an eye,
"Halt!" everybody heard him cry.

Away the boy began to run,
It really isn't quite such fun
When you're found out: you wish you
had
Been well behaved instead of bad.

A Park Policeman on his beat
Had heard this bad boy's scampering
feet,
And holding tight his helmet's brim
He started running after him.

But Mikey knew that Copper fat
Could never run as fast as that,
And so he called to Bill and Bob
And quickly put them on the job.



Away went Billy, Bobbie, too,
Like lightning both those Monkeys flew,
Across the stone fence round the Park
They vaulted lightly like a spark.

And o'er the grass and far away
Brave Captain Mikey to obey,
And when the naughty boy looked back
And saw the monkeys on the track.

I guess he wished again that he
A better boy had tried to be!
Not for a moment did they stop
And soon they left behind the Cop.

Who felt he'd run about enough,
And now sat down to pant and puff,
While every leap brought nearer still
That naughty boy to Bob and Bill.

Just one more step—the boy is caught,
And now a lesson will be taught.
Back to the Regiment they bring
The culprit, scared like everything.

"Lock him up!" the people cry,
"He might have put out Mikey's eye!"
"Call the Patrol!" some others shout,
"He is a nuisance without doubt!"

But Mikey said, "Bring him to me,
I want to ask him quietly
If he is not ashamed to find
An Animal is much more kind

Than he is: I will let him go
Because his mother dear, I know,
Would cry and weep till she was pale
If I should have him sent to jail."

THE CLEVER CAT'S KITTEN COACH.

"Where's my other roller skate?
Where's my other roller skate?" shouted
Freddie, as he ran up and down stairs,
all over the house, looking under the beds
under the couch, in the kitchen by the
cellar stairs. "Where's my other roller
skate?" he cried out almost on the verge
of tears. You'd think, perhaps, that a
boy of Freddie's size would be ashamed
to cry; well, so he was, but he came near
doing it this time.

And all because he couldn't find one of
his roller skates. You may ask: Why
didn't he take more care and remember



where he put it? Unfortunately Freddie
had never been broken of the careless
habit of throwing his playthings, when
he had finished with them, into any cor-
ner of the room. He was spoiled and that's
all. If he couldn't find anything at first
he knew that his little sister Clara would
tell him where it was. If among his
numerous playthings he had lost some-
thing, his baseball for instance, he only
had to express a wish for it and a soft



little voice would come, say, from one
corner of the porch:
"Freddie, I think I saw your ball under
the washbasin in the kitchen." It was
from Clara, who would be sitting there
pursing her comical looking red doll.

But this time Clara did not tell her
brother where he could find the missing
skate.
"That's funny," thought Freddie, "may-
be she has it, and doesn't want me to know
it." What ridiculous ideas people get
into their heads when they are angry!
What use would one of Freddie's roller
skates be to little Clara? It was too big;
her tiny foot would be lost in it.

Pursing all this time some members of
the family knew where the roller skate was.
Who do you think they were? Tabby
Scratch, the cat, and her only child, Miss
Kitty Scratch.

Now before we go further it is only
fair that we right a great wrong done to

Tabby Scratch. It is in regard to this
family name of "Scratch." The name
did not fit her, she inherited it, but not
the disposition from her father that old
quarreller but good mouser, Mr. Tom
Scratch. No, she wouldn't harm or
scratch any one, not even Freddie, the
cat teaser—there, it's out now—"Freddie,
the cat teaser." For that's what he was.
And the reason he couldn't find his skate
was because in playful revenge for the
many torments she had been submitted to
in the past, Tabby had borrowed it to
use as a kitten coach. It started, you
see, something like this: Little Clara used
to give Kitty Scratch rides in her doll's
baby coach. The cat enjoyed it very
much and got so accustomed to the rides
that whenever she didn't get one of an
afternoon she'd set up a terrible meow-
ing.

One day recently it happened that
Freddie's base ball broke the spokes in
the baby coach so that it could not be
used and Kitty did not get her usual
outing. My, what cat music she did
make! Mamma was in despair at first,
she didn't know what to do. Though she
soon thought of something—mothers
are quick to think of the right thing to
do where their children are concerned,
even cat mothers—it was to use one of
Freddie's roller skates as a kitten coach.
So to quiet Kitty, she simply took one
of the skates, put her child in it, fastened
the strap so that she wouldn't fall out—
and there you are.

If it had been anything of Clara's, the
mother cat wouldn't have borrowed it
without permission. Clara was so good
to her, it was a pleasure to feel those tiny
pink paws—Tabby called them paws—
smooth her fur and tickle her under the
forearm pits. But as for Freddie's toys,
such a good chance to get even! Oh,
those many, many tail pullings, and the
fur rubbed the wrong way too.

Rainy days were trying ones for Tabby.
On those days Freddie couldn't go out
to play and to pass his time away, and again
because he was vexed he'd torment the
poor cat. Here was a fine day come, the
day we are speaking of, when he was
most anxious to go out and skate on the
newly paved asphalt street, and he
couldn't find his other skate. Needless
to say he was furious. Clara couldn't
tell him where his plaything was, "cause
she didn't know herself.

The clever cat had come to the other
side of the house, trundling Kitty up and
down on a little used walk. And that's

FLIGHT OF SPEND-A-PENNY

Brown Hen's chicks were exactly two
hours out of the shell when they first
attracted Spend-a-Penny's attention.
Spend-a-Penny had been called
for just one-half of his life of six ad-
venturous years. An affectionate aunt
had presented him with a gold piece on
his third birthday. He had purchased
a "penny's worth of bonbons" from a
passing vendor. He didn't wait for his
change, and the vendor didn't wait
around either. So that's how he got his
new name, and until he was quite a
big little chap every coin he got was
rated as a penny.

"Come, Mamma, come right here
quick!" he shouted from his observa-
tion point near the barn.

"What is it, Spend-a-Penny," cried
Mamma, running quickly from the
house, thinking some harm had come to
her little boy so excited was he.

"Look here, Mamma, Brown Hen's got
a whole lot of canary birds! Now I
can have one in a cage near my crib.
I want one right away. I want one
right away, Mamma. Get me one, please,
Mamma. I tried to get one from Brown
Hen, but she's mad about something,
'cause she flew at me!"

"You can't have one of Brown Hen's
canaries just now, dear little Penny,"
said Mamma gravely. "After a time when
Brown Hen is in better temper we'll
see about it. Let her alone now. She
might peck at my little son's eyes."

After a moment of deep thought and
serious contemplation of Brown Hen's
ten little peeps, Spend-a-Penny turned
to Mamma with a perplexed look.

"Mamma, where did those canaries
come from?"

"Now, little Penny, since Mamma must
explain it all to you, she will tell you
first they are not canaries. They are
Brown Hen's little children—chickens—
the same as you are my little chicken."

"But I ain't a chicken, Mamma. I got
no bill and I got no fuzzy tail, and I got
five toes. But where did Brown Hen's
children come from?"

"Out of the eggs, little Penny. The
same sort of eggs you like Mamma to
have boiled for your dinner."

"But I never found a chicken in my
boiled egg, Mamma. How can you make
those little peepers come out of the
eggs?"

"They mustn't be cooked, dear little
Penny. Just kept warm for many days.
Brown Hen sat on them, spreading out
her wings to keep them warm. By and
by 'crack-crack' went the shells and out
walked the little chicks. Just had to be
kept warm, little Spend-a-Penny. Just
had to be kept warm. If Brown Hen
had not kept them warm some other
hen might, and if no hen, then some-
times they put the eggs in a big glass
case and hatch the little chicks out that
way."

"They just have to be kept warm,"
nodded Spend-a-Penny sagely. Mamma
kissed him and took him indoors. Fully
an hour longer she had to answer ques-
tions, and when Papa came home he
took up the task of explaining where
Mamma had left off.

But Spend-a-Penny could not have
one of the little chicks in his room near
his crib. He begged hard, but Brown
Hen would listen to none of his plead-
ings, and Mamma kindly but firmly sided
with Brown Hen. Day after day for a
week Spend-a-Penny followed Brown
Hen and her brood about. He got up
early, when Papa went to town, in order
to be awake when the little chicken
family began the day's programme.

It was no use. He found that Brown
Hen had been up long ahead of him and
was away off in the fields clucking to
her chicks and digging them worms.

One day at noon he found the peeping
family in the orchard. He threw some
corn to Brown Hen in hopes of getting
her to lend him a chick to carry home
until nightfall. Brown Hen took the
corn, but flew at him when he at-
tempted to take one of her family. He
followed the chicks for an hour, his lip
quivering with disappointment.

Then he walked disconsolately to the
kennel and told Rover all about it.
Often he and Rover talked on all topics.
Spend-a-Penny never asked Rover
questions in these talks, just told him
his views of life as he had found life
in his strenuous six years. And Rover,
you may depend, fully understood, for

once in a while he would turn a sym-
pathetic gaze on little Penny and rub
his nose against the little chap's cheek
close to his. And unless Mamma
kept Rover chained near his kennel he
followed Spend-a-Penny all over, bark-
ing and growling away any danger that
threatened.

When the chicks were two weeks old
a great clucking was heard in the barn-
yard one morning. Papa and Mamma
went out to see what was the matter.
There was Brown Hen running about
with misery and anger blended in every
move she made. Her chicks were gone!

Spend-a-Penny wept for nearly an
hour when he woke and heard the
news. He searched and searched all
over the fields and through the orchard
and through the garden and all
over the barn. Finally the news came
from Neighbor Applegate that a fox
had been run down and shot after he
had depleted half a dozen hen roosts.
Then Spend-a-Penny wept anew.

For several days he brooded, telling
Rover all about it. Mamma when she
heard his prayers at night always had
to give a promise as to how soon there
would be more chicks. Thus reas-
sured Spend-a-Penny would doze off,
but in the morning he would mourn
again.

A sudden thought came to Spend-a-
Penny. He would gather eggs and keep
Brown Hen to set on them and "get
them warm." Every day for a week
he hunted through the barn and the
barnyard listening eagerly for the
cackle he had learned to know meant
that some proud hen had laid another
egg. Straight he would go to the nest
and remove the egg. By and by he had
ten of them hidden beneath the seat of
the old runabout that had been out of
commission for a year.

He did not tell Mamma about gather-
ing the eggs. No, he didn't say a word—
although he should have done so—
even when Mamma said to Papa at the
Sunday morning breakfast table:

"I can't understand what the matter
is with our hens. I have been one and
two eggs short of our average for the
last few days. I wonder if there are
tramps about."

Spend-a-Penny meant to tell his
mother when she said this, but when he
thought of how he would surprise
her with ten little chickens, he kept
quiet as though he knew nothing about
the matter.

So he got some corn and called: "Here,
chick, chick, chick! Here, chick, chick,
chick!"

The first hen that came running up
was Brown, the very one he wanted.
She clucked and picked up the corn.

"Come with me, Brown Hen," said
Spend-a-Penny, trying to seize her. "I
want to put you on some eggs so we
will have some more chicks. Come
right with me."

But Brown Hen drew away, only re-
turning when little Penny threw her
corn. Finally Spend-a-Penny darted
on her and seized her despite her strug-
gles and peckings. He bore her in tri-
umph to the old runabout and pressed
her down on the ten eggs he had col-
lected.

"Now you stay there, Brown Hen,
and raise ten more nice little chicks
that the fox won't get this time. I can
tell you."

But the instant he released his hold
on Brown Hen she flew off the nest
and scurried out to the yard. Spend-
a-Penny followed her about for an hour
until after several corn doles he was
able to grab her again. This time he
pushed her down on the eggs and
placed an empty peach basket over the
box and a stone on top of the basket.

In two minutes the stone and basket
had been toppled over and Brown Hen
was out in the yard again hunting
worms. Spend-a-Penny sorrowfully
tried one, two, three other hens who
might like raising chicks better than
Brown Hen, but with no better suc-
cess. In despair he chased Crimson
Comb, the big jaunty rooster, who also
indignantly refused to remain seated
upon the eggs when pushed over them
by Spend-a-Penny.

That night when little Penny was
taken to his crib by Mamma she saw
he was troubled.

"What is it, little son?" she asked.
"I want some little chickens," he

sobbed until Mamma soothed him off to
a doze.

Next day at noon Mamma went to
call Spend-a-Penny for lunch, but she
heard no answering "OO-OO" from her
little boy. She went out on the road
and called, then back to the barn to
the edge of the wood and cried his
name again and again. She ran to
Neighbor Applegate's to see if he had
strayed there, but they had not seen
him. Then other neighbors were called
on and Papa in the city was telephoned
so that he came in by the next train.

All up and down the roads the
searchers went. Finally Papa said:
"Let Rover smell his shoe and he will
soon trace him up."

So they ran to the kennel to un-
chain Rover. But to their surprise and
alarm the dog too was missing. No
trace of him could be found anywhere.
Then Mamma began to cry and Papa
looked very troubled and stern. "Men,
we must find my little son. I'll give
a thousand dollars for tidings of him.
Search everywhere and your trouble
will not go unrewarded. We must
find him, men, we must find him!"

But Neighbor Applegate and the
others told Papa they would hunt just
as hard without taking a penny of his
money. And so they started through
the wood calling every little while:
"Oh, Spend-a-Penny, Spend-a-Penny,
come right home to Mamma and Papa!
Spend-a-Penny, Spend-a-Penny, come
home to your dinner!"

And they walked deeper and deeper
into the wood, so that there was very
little sunlight and it was almost like
night. They walked and walked and
walked, more anxious every step.

At last—what do you think? In a
little glade near a purling stream they
came upon Spend-a-Penny. There he
was sound asleep with his head rest-
ing on Rover's side. The good dog
had lain down at his little master's
command, content to make a pillow of
himself and stand guard at the same
time.

Mamma rushed to her little son and
caught him up to her breast. Papa
grabbed him to hug too. Neighbor Ap-
plegate rubbed little Penny's bare legs
and arms to see if he was hurt.

Spend-a-Penny rubbed his eyes in
a dazed way. When he got wide awake
he said to Mamma:

"Mamma, don't make Rover come back
to his kennel to-night. I want him to
stay where he is."

"Why, little Penny? Why do you wish
to be so cruel when Rover has been so
good and faithful to you? Besides, he
must be hungry."

"But I want him to stay where he is
so he can keep them warm." Sobbed
Spend-a-Penny.

"Keep warm, little Penny?"
asked the astonished Mamma.

"The ten eggs so we can have ten
little chicks," the little boy wailed. "He
can keep them warm and hatch them
out. That's what I brought him for.
Do let him hatch them out, Mamma.
They are underneath him now."

Sure enough, they found the eggs
under Rover.

And when Spend-a-Penny grew up to
be a man and had a little son of his
own he told him the story. But his
little boy used to want to know why
Rover wasn't allowed to stay in the
woods and hatch out the chickens, and
whether Spend-a-Penny-Papa ever did
have ten little chicks again, and what
they were like and what became of
Brown Hen and many more questions.
And Spend-a-Penny-Papa would have
to tell about how Rover lived to be a
very old dog, and how Brown Hen had
twelve other chicks, one of which grew
up exactly like her, and how finally they
must go visit Grandma and Grandpa
soon so as to see if there were any
new little peepers around such as little
Spend-a-Penny liked so much and
thought at first were canaries.

PATSEY'S PUZZLES.

When Patsey went to the studio the
next afternoon and Mr. Pantoor handed
him the card with his answer to the last
question written on the back of it, Pat-
sey had to scratch his head for a min-
ute before he saw through the catch.
The question was:

"Which can walk faster—a man with
a sack of flour under his arm or a man
with two sacks on his back?"

The answer that Mr. Pantoor wrote
was that two sacks would not weigh
more than two or three pounds, whereas
a sack full of flour would weigh about
a hundred pounds. When Patsey ex-
plained this to the liders that evening,
he knew by the look on their faces that
they had held high hopes of downing
him on that one.

"Well, Patsey," remarked Billy, "you
seem able to explain most anything.
Perhaps you can read this one for us,"
and he handed Patsey another of their
little puzzle cards, which was duly
placed in position on Mr. Pantoor's desk
next morning.

CAN YOU READ THIS?

After a moment's thought, Mr. Pan-
toor felt sure that he had seen this be-
fore somewhere and presently he recol-
lected it and wrote the solution on the
back as usual.

What was it?

SOME OLD CONUNDRUMS.

The solution to the enigma beginning
"I counterfeit all bodies, yet have none,"
is

A mirror.

The answer to the charade begin-
ning: "My first is ploughed for various
reasons and grain is frequently buried
in it to little purpose," is

The Sea-sons.

The first of the conundrums was:
"If a tough beefsteak could speak,
what English poet would it name?"

Chaucer. (Chaw sir!)

The second was: "If a pair of spec-
tacles could speak what ancient his-
torian would they name?" Eusebius.
(You see by us.)

Here is a little enigma which some
persons can see through almost as soon
as they read it, but to others it is
very puzzling:

We are airy little creatures,
All of different voice and features.
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
One of us is met in tin.
And the fourth a box within.
If the last you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

Some of the boys and girls that are
studying French may be able to give
the answer to this little riddle, which
has always been a great favorite with
French children:

Je suis ce que je suis
Et je ne suis pas ce que je suis;
Si j'étais ce que je suis
Je ne serais pas ce que je suis.

The following little charade should be
easily guessed, as the second syllable
is very clear:

When frost and snow o'erspread the
ground,
And chilly blows the air,
My first is felt upon the cheek
Of every lady fair.

In earth's cold bosom lies my next,
An object most forlorn,
For often cruelly 'tis used,
And trampled on with scorn.

Amid the dismal shades of night,
My whole is bright and gay,
Though dark and gloomy it appears,
Exposed to open day.

The three conundrums that follow
are very old, but they may be new to
you just as those you hear now will
be old some day, but still new to some
persons:

1. When is a man truly head over
ears in debt?

2. When is a man thinner than a
lath?

3. When is a chicken's neck like a
bell?

NONSENSE RHYMES.

Here is the correct reading of the
last Nonsense Rhyme, the parts that
were indicated by a device of any kind
being placed in brackets:

Lived [a house] on the [top] of [a hill]
[Lived] [a doc] tor who [cured] with [a
pill]

[But] [one day] it was [said]
That the [doctor] was [dead]
[Altho]ugh [nobody] knew he was [ill]
Some of the youngsters tried to work
in "24 hours" as part of the rhyme, but
it would not fit the metre. Twenty-four
hours is one day. The pill did not bother
them much, apparently, perhaps because
it rhymed with bill.

The chief sticking place seems to have
been the part that was "all arms and
legs," although it should have been easy
to guess that if a thing is all arms and
legs it has no body. Some made the
curious mistake of getting the last line

As the

came

As the

late, 4

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the